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FRANCE—ITS LATE KING.

It is a fact amply attested by experience, that France is the centre and source of European Revolution. In 1815 the Council of Kings convened in Paris, decreed its Revolutions ended; the restored Bourbon strove to obliterate their remembrance. Vain words! fruitless endeavour! There was perhaps no event so devoutly wished for, as the triumph of the allies at Waterloo. Yet we have regarded that success as a catastrophe to the human race—the triumph of might over right—of the wrong principle of Absolutism over the right principle of Freedom. It is well for the world that such success cannot be final. Napoleon defeated, the allies forcibly entered France in the most high toned defiance of the will of her people, deposed “the man of her choice” and dictated her government. Who then would have said that in fifteen years her insulted majesty would be vindicated—the fiat of her insolent enemies nullified? Such a bold prediction had been verified. Fifteen years had scarcely passed when these same allies were astounded with the news that France was free. The government imposed by foreign bayonets gave way before the resuscitated might of the French people and its second choice a “citizen king” assumed the direction of its destinies. We profess a strong interest in the French nation. It is no common sympathy that binds Americans and Frenchmen. The time was, when with the same holy purpose they struggled in the same good cause. We applaud the aspirations of a mighty people after their

natural rights, the effort to bear amid time worn despotisms the flag that triumphed here. But we deplore the excesses that accompanied the attempt. These have been often violent, sometimes frightful. They are a severe reproach, the more so that they stain the annals of no other people. Still if they have incurred the world's reprobation, they are the result of a characteristic which has challenged its admiration. By this national characteristic we mean enthusiasm. For ages it flowed in the channel of loyalty to the sovereign, but ages of ingratitude directed it to that of loyalty to man. The sacredness of kings—the splendors of a court—the pride of ancestry were lost in the dignity of man. Aristocracy as opposed to the equality of all men must be annihilated. Here was the grand mistake of the first French Revolution—the attempt to crush a principle, to annihilate a powerful element of society. The victorious party believed the sum of human rights embodied in their principles, and deemed all others in antagonism to the good of mankind. It is a humiliating fact that Democracy in France, after nobly struggling against countless difficulties, in the moment of victory mistook its mission, and but for the genius of one man had wrecked the greatness and independence of a mighty people.

It is the glory of Napoleon's government that it recognized the existence and the right to exist of all the elements which compose society. The avowal of the rights of all enabled him to blend all, and hurl united France against the bayonets lifted for her destruction. With his overthrow came the restoration of monarchy, aristocracy and privilege. The importance attached to democracy was lost. It ceased to exist as a name, and restored legitimacy strove to banish it as a principle. All mention of the revolution—its heroes, its glory, and effects was carefully avoided, the brightest pages in French history endeavored to be effaced. In this vain work Charles X. was interrupted by the revolution of 1830, shorn of his ill-used power and sent by an indignant people into hopeless exile. France was now in an anomalous condition; she had tried the republic, the empire, and the old monarchy. The republic had failed—the empire could not be restored—the monarchy had just been banished—all three were impossible.

At this crisis a new idea is started, "monarchy, with repulican institutions," and Louis Phillippe is elected by acclamation "king of the French." A more popular government could not have been established—a more popular head could not have been selected. Compared with the deposed administration this was unfettered. It was not hostile to the revolution of 1789, because itself the creature of a revolution. It was not jealous of the glory of Napoleon, because united with him in enmity of the old dynasty. It was neither democratic nor aristocratic but partly democratic and partly aristocratic. It is idle at this time to say that this was not an able rule. It was too long the guarantee of peace, the bulwark against anarchy and misrule to admit of this idea. We regard the condemnation it has just undergone, as by far too hasty. The overthrow of Louis Phillippe was the work of a factious minority. The forces opposed to him were the same that are now arrayed against the government of France.

The party that ruled under him rule now under Louis Napoleon. It comprises "the same forces of France. It is opposed by the forces of disorder. The watchword of these latter is socialism, a principle which denies the necessity and challenges the right of all government. Its chief danger consists in its assumed novelty. Never was an assumption more gross! Never was novelty more unbecoming. Socialism is no new idea, no untried principle. It is old as time. It existed before the first human government. It was contradicted and repudiated when the first human government was established. Since the organization of society, it has appeared only when man was frantic—amid scenes of maddening revolution, or when private and public rights were lost in the rage of an insane soldiery. The existence of a system so absurd in theory, and monstrous in application, is a severe reflection upon the nineteenth century. It is proof, if any were needed, that error still keeps the field in force—that right, if at all in the ascendant, is but in the beginning of its victories. To return from this digression, it is urged that Louis Phillippe disfranchised the French people. In reply we affirm the constitution of 1830 did not recognize the principle of universal suffrage. That constitution defined his powers. He had sworn to support it. Under its

provisions the friends of order entered the political arena at advantage. Its framers deemed that advantage necessary to the peace of France. As the instrument of this future government it was accepted first by Paris, then by the provinces. The great masses of the people received it, as the remedy of the past and the hope of the future. If then the people suffered in the elective franchise, the fault was in the constitution. By it, the king must be tried. This conclusion seems irresistible, yet we believe his enemies have based their opposition upon his violation of the charter. Reason was seldom one of the weapons employed against him. These were oftener sophistry, ridicule, and sarcasm. It is extremely difficult with our ideas, to conceive of the violence of political passions among the French people, or of the headstrong enthusiasm and fierce fanaticism attending its political demonstrations. The tranquility maintained and the failure of insurrections during the last reign had begun to change our estimate of a Parisian mob. As the intelligence of great excitements became less frequent we believed less in the dangers of the king. From being scarce recognized by European sovereigns, he had become the ablest and the envied of them all. Nothing could be too stubborn for his tact or too profound for his sagacity. If his throne lacked security, his genius supplied it. If his influence abroad was limited, his genius extended it. He was a self-made man, and the world has confidence in self-made men. But as our assurance in the strength of his government increased, so did our jealousy of his acts. What we at first deemed necessary we afterwards complained of, until we settled in the conviction that the king was a tyrant and his government a despotism. But since the wars of another revolution have swept away the latter, we may review our judgment of the former and perhaps change our conclusions. We may now canvass with a better spirit and perhaps with better success his qualities and defects. As a monarch, it must be granted, he came to his throne in troublous time. The strength of the people had just been tested. His popularity, based as it was upon expectations, was unfavourable. It arrayed against him blasted hopes, checked aspirations, ambitions disappointed. His reign was one continued struggle. His

life was in continual danger. Yet amid all his difficulties, he for more than seventeen years maintained the precedence of right, order, and principle, blended the external interests of his country with the cause of peace and achieved for himself the proud title of "Napoleon of peace." In the glory of that title the mere name of king is paled. We know not what may be the future destiny of France as a Republic. It may be a matter of regret that she is upon the high road of experiment, still we hope for a right issue. We speak of Louis Phillippe as king—we compare him with the kings of France and we here hazard the assertion that when the candid historian shall lift the cloud of prejudice that now darkens and obscures his motives he will be found the noblest of them all.

THE SPECTRE KNIGHT AND HIS LADYE BRIDE.

A LAY OF THE OLDEN TIME.

Lady Margaret sits in her father's ha's

Wi the tear-drop in her e'ew,
For her lover knight is far awa
In the fields o' Palestine.

Now the rose is fled frae her downy cheek
An wan is her lilly white hand,
An her bonnie blue e'en a tear doth dim
For her Knight i' the Holy Land.

His banner it is the holy cross,
But it gars her greet for' sair
As she meekly kneels and his lov'd name breathes
At *our* mother's shrine in prayer.

"Oh hae ye a care, sweet mother fair,
"O'er the *Lion Hearted King*,
"But send me back Sir Hillebrande safe
"Abune a' ither thing.

Tis Hallowe'en an' twelve lang months
Hae i' their turn pass'd round
An' 'twas Hallowein, when Sir Hildebrande left
For Palestine's holy ground.

The castle clock tells the hour of twelve
An' the Ladye bethinks her trow
Of her lover's words at the trysting tree
His fervent and heartfelt bow.

Oh Ladye fair said the gallant Hildebrande,
When twelve long months shall flee
"Oh come you then through the mossy glen
"Adown by the trysting tree.

"When the weary year brings Hallowe'en
"An mair to this tired land,
"An' if thou will come at midnight's hour
"Thou shalt hear of thine own Hildebrande.

O the wintry wind blairs sair and chill
An it whistles fu' mournfully.
As the Ladye repairs at the witching hour
To the glen adown the lea.

The maiden draws her mantle close
For the night is dark and drear
An' now that she nears the trysting tree
Her heart it quails for fear.

O louder and hoarser blairs the blast
An' darker grows the sky,
An' the chattering tramp of a coarser's hoofs
Grows nigh—and yet more nigh.

The coal black steed doth slack his speed
And hait at the Ladye's side
And a red light gleams in flickering beams
Around her, far and wide.

A mail-clad Knight doth now alight
So ghastly pale and wan,
That the Ladye cries wi' tearfu' eyes
"Where is my lover gone!"

A voice like the hollow murmuring wind
Replied to the high born dame,—
"O thy lover sleeps on the battle field
"Among the noble slain."

But the soul that vowed to be true to thee
Will be true whate'er betide
And returns from the land of chivalrie
To claim thee for his bride.

This said, he stretched forth his bony hand
To his well-beloved bride
And now he mounts the coal black steed
With the Ladye by his side.

But list! the morn cock crows fu' shrill
Along the dreary way,
An' goblin, elf, nor wandering ghost
Can face the light of day.

The Phantom steed doth champ his bit
And flash his fiery eye,

And away they speed o'er hill and dale
O'er rock and mountain high.

Long years has pass'd since Sir Hildebrande came
From the fields o' fair Palestine
To claim fair Margaret for his bride
But on every Hallowe'en

When the Castle clock tolls the midnight hour
As on that night of yore
The Ladye and Knight are seen to sweep
Adown the dreary moor.—

The coal black steed doth champ his bit
An' the fire darts from his i'e
But he slacks his speed at the Knight's command
As he gains the trysting tree.

MELPOMENE.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

"WHAT's in a name?" Happily for the age, we may reply to this query, sometimes nothing. And the Quarterly, which assumes the name at the heading of this article, exemplifies the truth of the reply. Though bearing its name, Heaven be praised, that the present age is far from being such as it must be, did this periodical embody its spirit. Nevertheless, "*fiat justitia, ruat coelum.*"

That there is an air of frankness and sincerity, a tone of noble, fearless independence of opinion pervading its pages, and yet, an apparent spirit of deference to all *esteemed* worthy of it, must be admitted.

That there is a constant recurrence and a judicious arrangement of "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," a felicitous expression of feeling which must meet a response from all who revere nothing *merely* human, is also true. The restless youth, the discontented labourer, the disappointed aspirant, all who are uneasy may here find that sympathy, which the serene spirit pervading the most of our literature does not afford. There are always those in society, who on account of defective mental vision, some moral obliquity, or misanthropy and discontent, would with scarcely a shudder or misgiving catch from the hands of the

bold instigator, the destructive torpedo, and blow up the vessel because it does not sail to suit them. Such may here find their secret aspirations reciprocated and developed. Dark thoughts in black ink, and upon pure, white paper. Some writer has divided minds into two classes, the centripetal and the centrifugal, and if there has hitherto been wanting in our literature, a medium of utterance for the latter class,—the eccentricity of self-estimated genius,—that deficiency no longer exists.

But in literature as in every department of science, faults are no longer esteemed *mere* eccentricities, and sterling worth must mark those who receive favour and esteem. When great minds are rare, and they have little to fear from a comparison with others, failings and faults even, are less likely to be noticed. But when noble and stately trees may be found by clusters in the forest, the wild, ungainly appearance of one, however towering and grand it may be, will obtain for it less admiration than is bestowed upon its more symmetrical neighbor.

Men of acknowledged superiority, believing that the splendor of their genius blinds the critical eye, often subject themselves to animadversions, the truthful bitterness of which would be no pleasant ingredient in their cup of praise. Those gifted with genius, are too prone to cast off the wholesome and salutary restraints of society, the direct tendency of which would be to chasten and subdue the glaring colors offensive to correct taste, to strengthen the *true* genius, and prevent those fitful flashings which startle and surprise, rather than to lessen its power, or our admiration of its worth. But in this periodical the wildest observations seem to be regarded as the strongest proof of genius, and seem rather to be commended than criticised. An index to the most striking feature of its pages, is to be found in its weak and childish apology for atheism by perverting Lord Bacon; in its more strongly sympathising with Shelley's guilt than with his innocence; in fine, in its robbing the Redeemer of his divinity, while pretending to exalt him as "a humanitarian and a poet of the noblest stamp, and the greatest democrat that ever lived." And, by the bye, it is a shallow pretence, by which to exalt one's self, to endorse in full, every wild and visionary fancy of Shelley's, and then, having set forth

their own similarity of belief, to say, that "since Christ, there has not lived a man purer in thought, word or deed than Percy Bysshe Shelley." If we may ascribe the tender sympathy manifested towards Shelley, to a kind heart and pure motives, we must certainly commend it, but if, as seems most reasonable, it arises chiefly from similarity of belief, it must forfeit that claim to ingenuousness which it might otherwise have established. In a late number, there is a Hymn to Beauty, by the Editor, which we are puzzled to reconcile with our previous opinion of the man. We give the second verse, entire, *verbatim et literatim*.

"If e'er thy gentle spirit weary,
Sicken with unresting care,
A poet's heart shall still be near thee,
Dwelling in thy beauty there."

Now, when we read poetry of this sort, we are accustomed to picture as we proceed, and if the same scene were presented to every reader of these lines, which they presented to us, it had been rightly named a Satire of Beauty. To transform and prosify the first lines, "we saw the weary, gentle spirit of Beauty, sickened with unresting care," the care we supposed necessary to preserve the beauty which is apostrophized, and then passed along a parade of patent enamel teeth, pots of rouge, boxes of lily white powder, patches and paint, ribbons and flounces, with all the endless paraphernalia of the toilette, whilst there this poor spirit seemed to stand, leaning on the dressing table, after having toiled patiently and long, till at length wearied out she has become fairly sickened, and just as we glance upon the page again to see what is to become of the forlorn creature, and see the lines "A poet's heart, &c.," we hear her sobbing, as though her heart would break over a Valentine which lies open in a box filled with ladies' *petites choses*, and on the front of this billet doux, we see a large heart, with a butcher knife stuck in it, doubtless intended for one of Cupid's arrows, and the heart looking much like a calf's heart, but which we suppose must be the poet's "dwelling in her beauty there."

But soberly, the whole hymn is without either point or effect, and we think that certain portions of that keen satire against Soc-rates, by Aristophanes, in his comedy called "The Clouds," in

which the philosopher is introduced upon the stage suspended in a basket, and made to utter sublimated nonsense, are quite *apropos*, in this case. But it is the artful blending of good and evil; the calling forth the sympathy and at the same time poisoning the heart; this enticing air of truth, beneath which lurks fatal error, which in our judgment, is baneful and pernicious in the extreme.

In one article, we see the doctrine set forth, that all mankind is destined soon to be merged into what is called the "One-in-many-Manhood." That is, there is to be an "Equitable Distribution" of property, all men are to become co-partners, that there is yet to be a civil war between producers and capitalists, a transformation of Individualism into combined order, and that "the idea of fraternity is to become a deed, as sure as that there is a Heavenly Father." And then, in another article in the same number we see that "after all, the history of the world is but a record of the few great men that have been here," and that they are the "Men of Genius." And, in the same inconsistent style, it goes on, after a strained satire upon the marvellous accounts of undeveloped genius in our borders, to say that no genius ever passed through life, without some thought, or deed, by which he left his mark behind, and the point is pushed so far, that they say that men of genius are greater than circumstances, and that against circumstances, poverty, scorn and woe, they will create a theatre of action for themselves.

But it is an easy matter to prove that *to* those very circumstances, against which those who are called men of genius struggle, combined with their natural endowments, are due those wonderful results which the writer erroneously attributes to genius alone. It is a self evident truth, though it has been often quibbled at, that genius is never produced independent of circumstances, nor can ulterior circumstances however propitious, supply its deficiency. It is quite amusing to observe how blindly these devotees reason concerning the men of genius whom they worship, for the corruptions by which they pronounce society to have become polluted, when found upon them, are said to be "only the clouds of vapor and fog, which are produced by the action of their strong light upon the oozy bottom grass and filthy swamp weeds of society."

If the doctrine of the metempsychosis were true, the most appropriate future locality for those who seem to be the magnates of this writer, would be upon the bogs of some low swamp, where from the throats of the aboriginal frogs they might croak until their lungs were worn out, in vain efforts to raise their companions from their native mud, to soar aloft like the birds of bright plumage and swift wing that sing the sweet response to their evening discord.

They are constantly telling us of that enlightened and generous era to come, to which they hold themselves amenable for their opinions, and which they say is dawning upon us. But where are the tints which should harbinger this flood of light which is to be poured upon humanity? For, truly, if the light reflected from them is the sign of its coming, then must the sun with whose approach it is to break upon us, have come freshly lighted from the fires of the pit.

For, although we admit that the spirit with which these pages are instinct, is unearthly, the bitter hate to almost all of poor humanity which it discloses, despite all its professions to the contrary, never came down from heaven.

Still, if these writers, whose minds seem to be in a transition state, much in advance it is true, of those who parrot-like say what they have been taught from lisping infancy, but not yet arrived to any fixed point in religion or politics, will manifest the same unshrinking boldness in advocating their opinions when they have advanced so much farther that the glorious truths which now appear dim to them, shall be untinged by the prismatic medium of their vision, the world will be forced to forget for a while the noble Paul, and the heroic Luther.

[Horace, having foresworn society and eschewed women, was induced to break his resolution and forget all his good intentions by the charms of a young lady named Glycera. The following is a translation of the ode he afterwards addressed to her.] Ode XIX, Book 1st.

TO GLYCERA.

The cruel mother of the Loves,
And dear Semele's Theban boy,
Along with merry License moves
Me to return to exiled joy.
Glycera's form, more brightly shining
Than polished marble, me inflames;
Her sportive countenance, so winning,
To wanton pleasures all reclaims.
And Venus, with her queenlike brow,
Of Scythian bow, or Parthian steed
To speak, will never me allow,—
Nay nothing but fair Cupid's creed.
Then boys, with turf uprear the shrine,
And hither bring the sweet vervain,
And incense with the choicest wine—
But for her be no victim slain.

THE FATAL SECRET.

WHEN over all things night had cast her sable mantle. When the stars with feeble glimmer fruitlessly strove to pierce the ebon hued cloud as it drove rapidly athwart the sky in its mad career. When the wind, now sweeping fiercely through the long line of mouldering columns, howled a sad requiem over departed grandeur; and again, sinking into a fitful repose, softly murmured the crumbling archways among, and mournfully sighed through the oriel all unglazed. When from yon turret with tufted ivy bright, the owl's cry, silencing the plaintive strain of the night-bird, adds to the solitude, when the lone beast of prey crossed the deserted and grass-grown court and skulked near the shattered shaft as he withdrew to his lair beneath the moss covered buttress.

At this dead hour of night, in the topmost apartment of the castle's remotest tower, all unconscious of the raging of elemental

warfare, sat the Astrologer, alone, save the companionship of grotesque and fantastic shadows, now quietly reposing on the stone floor, and anon in their uncouth gambols chasing each other along the roof. Solitary—shunning his fellow-men and by man shunned in return, he lived on, day after day—year after year—in the still unbroken silence of his narrow study. With his long snowy locks partially confined by the black, skull fitting cap, his hoary beard sweeping his breast, his sandals bound to his feet with leathern thongs, over which fell the skirts of his flowing robe embroidered and wrought with many a quaint design, he looked, a surviving representation of the past age,—was a faithful believer of the long exploded Babilonica doctrina; once the object of lasting awe to the simple and credulous Chaldean peasant, and the profound study of the proud and deeply learned priest of Isis. Aught pertaining to earth the Astrologer heard not; the moaning wind, the owl's cry, the rush of many waters hurrying whence—where—who knows? were alike unheard. It was a strange sight to behold that aged man bending over massive tomes of ancient lore, and scanning with undimmed eye, the damp parchments, mouldy archives of the past, inscribed with cabalistic figures and dark hieroglyphics. And as the stores of hidden knowledge were slowly unfolded, to see that transient smile light up his wan face, and relax features whose unbending sternness rarely betrayed aught of inward emotion. A strange sight too, was the retired apartment; its vaulted roof begrimed with the accumulated dust and smoke of many years; the wainscot—its oaken panels, once so brilliant from constant polish, now so dull and lustreless; its elaborately carved devices to represent the chase, the beauties of sylvan warfare, once so beautiful to look upon, could now with difficulty be traced, so effectually had the silent and gnawing worm obliterated the exquisite handiwork and rare execution of the long forgotten artist. On either hand, with but a slight regard to order, were ranged the instruments of his mystic art; the telescope, at which he would kneel hour after hour, was pointed towards the heavens, through the opening niche, with scrupulous care, as if to pierce the murky atmosphere and pry into the mysteries of the unfathomable vaults beyond; the crucible within reach of his extended arm, gave token of use for many

a day; dark, musty volumes of heathen authors, various in dimension, rose in huge piles at his side, while charts of the heavenly bodies and rolls of papyrus bearing rude counterparts of the sculpturings of Egyptian temples, lay scattered negligently at his feet; and lastly, stranger far than aught in that strange apartment, a huge mirror of burnished steel ever swung slowly and noiselessly, backward and forward with the same unvarying, perpetual motion, as though it received regular impulses from an unseen hand.

Regardless of the instruments of his toil, of the magic mirror and its eternal motion, to the possession of which secret was even then directed the wisdom and study of philosophers of every sect and of every country, the old Astrologer bent him over the huge tome before him, dwelling with rapt vision on its manifold and curious character, illegible to common eye. With trembling hand propping his lofty brow, and shading his straining eyes from the light of the cresset, which steadily and silently burned to light him at his labor, he sat, so intently regarding that mysterious page, and so heedless withal of the lapse of time as indicated by the antique horologe at his side, that had it not been for his feverish starts and deep irregular breathings, he would have seemed fashioned from cold, lifeless marble. Not contented with superhuman knowledge already acquired,—not satisfied with the sole possession and selfish enjoyment of the mighty secret of the magic mirror,—for another and more powerful revelation he still strove,—earnestly strove, with long-continued observations of the heavens, oft-repeated essays with the crucible and unceasing delvings into the mines of forbidden lore, contained in those piles of dark volumes and moulding scrolls. Thus he sat in uninterrupted silence. At length he arose, and moving with tottering step to the telescope, familiar to his touch for well-nigh a century, he knelt beside it as was his custom, and applying his eye, long and steadfastly gazed forth into darkness. Again the charmed silence was broken! The Astrologer arose from his kneeling posture, and gathering about him the folds of his robe, paced hurriedly the length of his study. “Nay!” he muttered, “I must search elsewhere! the stars refuse me their aid, and retire behind the huge mass of yon mis-

shapen cloud! I'll e'en turn me again to thy prophetic pages, oh! mighty chronicler!"

As he was about to resume his study, the flame of the cresset suddenly became dim as though it would expire, and in the pale blue light, the Astrologer, with wondering awe, accustomed as he was to thrilling sights, beheld the huge volume close, as of its own accord, with a dull hollow sound, and, as though descending from the roof, a white cloud, enveloping on all sides, a hand having within its grasp a small vial, containing a liquid which sparkled brightly even in the gathering gloom. The cloud moved gradually towards the Astrologer; and as the hand extended to him the vial, he heard a deep, sepulchral voice, seemingly from the farthest recesses of the arched roof, saying,—“Drink! the secret of life is thine!” The old man obedient to the unknown voice, stretched forth his feeble hand, and eagerly clutching the vial as the hand and cloud disappeared from his sight, at one draught drained its precious contents, and was on the point of throwing aside the empty vessel, when—lo! welling up from some unseen fount, the same brilliant liquid rapidly refilled the vial. He quickly restrained his hand, and burying the inestimable treasure deep in the folds of his robe, hugged it convulsively to his bosom, and laughed a long, loud, childish laugh as he felt the blood coursing in healthful streams through his veins, while his withered frame and sinews stiffened with age, became invigorated with the strength and elasticity of youth. But soon his laugh was hushed! that same hollow voice was again heard! “Ulab!” it said, “to thy keeping is intrusted a fearful secret! Thy end is answered,—thy wish gained! As long as thou dost cherish it as thine own, revealing it to none, so long shalt thou live safe from the arrow of the destroyer! But remember!”—and that awful voice became more unearthly, and the pale light of the cresset waxed paler still,—“remember what thou hearest at this time! In the hour,—nay the very moment,—thou dost attempt to reveal unto thy fellow mortal this thy secret, even in that very hour, that very moment, the heavy hand of death shall smite thee grievously, and thy body shall be stricken to the earth, never more to be raised therefrom while the elixir shall disappear from the vial, and be re-

stored to its first elements!" The voice ceased! the flame of the cresset again blazed forth with its wonted brilliancy, lighting up the polished surface of the mirror as it still swung to and fro, backward and forward, in that same unchanging, never-ceasing motion, ever and anon in its vibrations reflecting the image of the old Astrologer as he stood in an attitude of mute astonishment gazing on the long-sought and priceless treasure committed to his keeping.

* * * * *

Again darkness had spread her heavy pall over the world! Days, months, years had passed away into oblivion! A race of men had been cradled, sprung up into youth, manhood, flourished for a season, and then the clods of the valley had become the "couch of their everlasting sleep!" And yet the old Astrologer, his solitary retreat, and aught pertaining thereto had been exempt from the touch of Time whose finger had wrought so many and wonderful changes. There he sat as he had years before, surrounded by the same instruments of his art. The possessor of a secret which had enabled him to set at defiance the grim destroyer, he lived on in utter seclusion, the seasons and their change alike unheeded. Until now, he had cared not, *dared* not, mingle with his fellow beings, lest in an unwary moment, overcome by their importunities, he should reveal the fearful secret, invoking on himself the terrible fate consequent on disobedience to that voice whose solemn tones he had too faithfully memorized ever to forget. But a mighty change had come over him. And now, as he sat with folded arms and head hanging heavily forward on his chest,—even now, he contemplated a disclosure of his long-kept secret, regardless of the warning received long, long ago. Suddenly his troubled thoughts burst forth in words! The Astrologer held communion with himself! "Nay!" he said, "I thought not, reckless as I was, and eager for the possession of knowledge, wisely placed beyond the reach of aspiring man, that happiness could not be realized from selfish enjoyment; but cherished the fond and delusive hope that with this secret I should obtain happiness and bliss uninterrupted. And now, who among the sons of men ever drained so bitter a draught of disappointment! But

how my o'erwrought brain whirls! It cannot be! The voice I heard, and even now hear," he wildly exclaimed, "is but the image of my diseased fancy! I will not give way to these foolish fears! I will go forth into the world and live happy—yea happy! in the happiness I shall confer on others. I fear not to die—I laugh at the warning—ha! ha!" and he laughed a shrill, dissonant laugh, which seemed to be caught up and echoed and re-echoed throughout the apartment by mocking voices. His body rocked to and fro indicative of the agony of spirit unutterable he endured. At length he arose and with rapid strides paced the stone floor; "it is no enigma," he said, "my lot is cast! yet come what may, my course is decided upon!" He raised the vial and gazed at its contents sparkling as brilliantly as ever. "Thou shalt go forth, little minister!" he said, "and if I perish, so let it be! 'twere better far to share the common doom, than prolong my unhappy existence, shut out from all pleasurable intercourse with my species; but thou at least shall perform thy life-giving office. But I will not perish!" he almost shrieked. "And now is the time—I'll betake me again to the world—unfold the secret with which I labour, and live, *live!* the honoured and worshipped of all worshippers!" As he spoke he hastily traversed the study as though to dart across the threshold of the narrow entrance way, when tottering, he fell prone to the floor as if stricken by some unseen hand, while the paleness of death quickly diffused itself over his face, "Not yet!" he with difficulty gasped, "oh, not yet!" And he endeavoured to reach the vial which had dropped from his hand, but his palsied limbs refused to perform their wonted office; and as he gazed with starting eyes, upon the Amulet, effectual, even then to save—within his reach, yet unattainable—he beheld the elixir fast disappearing from the open vessel, mingling and making itself one with the oozing dampness of the cold stone. Then he remembered the awful warning, and as he felt the pall of death rapidly settling on his prostrate frame, he knew that his sojourn on the earth was about to end. He turned his glassy look on the long familiar objects that encompassed him, and a ghastly, sardonic smile distorted his pallid features. He beheld for the last time the telescope, still pointed heavenwards,

the heaps of huge tomes and the burnished mirror, its polish fast waning as it entirely ceased its motion; and with one more desperate clutch at the vial he sank back in exhaustion. And as the flame of the cresset waxed dim, flickered rapidly for an instant and suddenly expired, the spirit of the Astrologer breaking its earthy bonds, forsook its customary haunts, leaving the inanimate mass surrounded as in life, with the instruments of his mystic art.

BYRON.

RECOLLECTIONS of the departed, reminiscences of the great of other days, are always accompanied with emotions that may be felt, but not expressed. Whether standing by their silent tombs, while the passing breeze sighs mournfully their requiem, by absorbing, from the living pages their brilliant conceptions, their glowing images, their high-wrought pictures of moral and intellectual sublimity, we are led to inquire into the history of their lives—"their being, end and aim."

Such is the design of the present sketch—to present as he was, one,

"Who was a man take him for all in all,
We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

Young and inexperienced, he looked forth to the world as to a kind and generous parent who would receive with joy the first free and generous offering of a son. With these impressions he presented her with his earliest efforts—the embodiment of his budding intellect—unsuspicious of the fiery torrent so soon to follow, threatening to overwhelm him in its fierce career. He knew not but that he might publish what he had penned without being amenable for the action. He was deceived. Scarce had his effusions gone forth to the world, when they were scanned and criticised with all the sarcasm that envy or malice could dictate. Many after such a reception, would have shrunk from appearing, in public a second time—would have felt their energies relax—

their nerves unstrung—their intellects crushed. Not so with him. Like the proud lord of the forest, with his prey full in view and in his power, he stood meditating but to strike a surer blow. Nor stood he long. The blow was struck and fell with fearful effect on the heads of his self-made foes. That stroke was the English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. Though he has, in this satire, adhered too strongly to the motto, "Lay on McDuff," yet when all the circumstances of the situation in which he was placed, are taken into consideration the provocation will greatly palliate, if not justify the act. The man who has been wantonly assailed, traduced, or villified, stands justified, if in the moment of excitement, he should heap "hot coals of vengeance" on his persecutors. Should the innocent sometimes suffer with the criminal, it must be recollected that the quarrel was thrust upon him—that because he found a few ungenerous, he supposed all to be his foes.

This effort told the poet what he was. It roused the inborn energies of his soul and strung his nerves to action. It revealed to him rich and various mines whose product refined and polished, would give to the world one of her noblest, brightest ornaments. The event verified his anticipations; for in after years, when he had bid his country a long farewell; when his home was upon the foaming billows; when he trod among the classic scenes of Greece, and beneath the sunny skies of Italy—then it was that the full powers of his genius burst forth.

Each scene he visited served but to awaken and revive with additional vividness, images suggested when perusing accounts of deeds there performed in ages long since past. In imagination he beheld the heroes of Marathon, of Thermopylæ, of Platea, contending against the multitudes that menaced them, and his soul beat in unison with theirs. He beheld entire and unpolluted, the fanes and temples of a free and happy people.

While these feelings were glowing warm in his breast—while his heart was keenly alive to every impression produced by these images, he shadowed them forth in song—the impress of his soul, which will continue to fire the minds of men as long as the enemies of tyrants are revered or freedom held dear.

When speaking of the glories of ancient Greece, a spirit of sadness, of desolation is manifest in every line. He *felt* that "Tis Greece, but living Greece no more," for he beheld where trod Athenæ's noblest and best in her palmy days, now trod by the slaves of a despot. When speaking of the ruins of the Imperial City, a spirit of sadness is still manifest, but it breathes not of that ardour and devotion he felt while gazing on the ruins of Greece. At the one he beheld the remnants of that iron will whose boast it was to have *subdued* a world; at the other, the remnants of a will polished and refined, whose boast it was not to subdue, but to refine and cultivate,—ennoble and exalt the noblest energies of the soul by the extension of science, literature and art.

His productions number among them some of the finest specimens in the English language. If not equal to Shakspeare, as a delineator of character suited to every rank and condition in life, yet in that wild and magnificent grandeur in which he clothes his favourite characters he is superior to that great bard. The gloomy conjurations of Manfred poured forth amid scenes as wild and dark as they seem to present to us that pale, haggard, and grief-worn wretch in his native semblance. The deep and bitter execrations of Marino breathed with all the fury of rage and despair against his persecutors, exhibit to us the fires that rage in the breast of disappointed ambition. As we peruse the narrative of Harold's wanderings, we have unfolded to view the character of the man. From a careful perusal of productions such as these, may be drawn a lesson more impressive in its moral, than from the most labored homilies.

It might be supposed that one who had laid so rich an offering at the shrine of English literature should have received the plaudits of a grateful country. The author of these brilliant productions, however, is regarded by mankind with feelings of loathing and abhorrence. His private character, blackened, traduced, and villified by those who envied his intellect, is held up for the execration of future generations. His writings have been stigmatized as being those of an atheist—a scoffer of all that is pure and sacred. No writer has been more unjustly traduced. Upon no one have the arrows of detraction fallen thicker than upon him.

Naturally somewhat irritable, scanned and criticised both as an author and a man, he began to imbibe feelings of hatred against his fellow-men. When a wanderer in foreign lands—when separated from nearly all who could have the smallest claim upon his gratitude or generosity, these feelings increased in intensity and finally settled into confirmed misanthropy. This spirit pervades his works, and at times breaks forth in the most bitter invectives against mankind. Nowhere, as is often alleged, does he scoff at the name of Jehovah, but often, when writing beneath the sarcasm of an ungenerous world, does he give full vent to his indignation against his *pretended* worshippers. He saw them making professions of a pure and holy faith while every act of theirs gave the lie to the sincerity of their protestations. And should he be so severely censured for doing what every friend of truth should do—for raising his voice against the solemn mockeries that were practised under the veil of Christianity? Reason cries out against such injustice.

The impress of the poet's mind is stamped indelibly upon his productions. If it sometimes breathes too strong of misanthropy, it must be remembered that it was the fault of others rather than his own.

But whatever were his faults as a man, the day may not be far distant when the prejudices that have so long prevailed over the reason of men, will be removed—when mankind will distinguish between the false and the true supporters of Christianity and do justice to the memory of the departed.

When that day comes, as come it will, then will Byron be regarded in his true character and that prediction of his be fulfilled,

“But I have lived, and have not lived in vain:
My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,
And my frame perish even in conquering pain;
But there is that within me which shall tire
Torture and time, and breath when I expire;
Something unearthly, which they deem not of,
Like the remembered tone of a mute lyre,
Shall on their softened spirits sink, and move
In hearts all rocky now the late remorse of love.”

COGITATIO.

The voyage of life is like unto an excursion to the fishing banks. For truly a man starts forth in the morning of the day, as the youth starts out in the morning of life, he embarks upon a vessel, and everything seems prosperous and pleasant, the air is fresh, the blue waves dance in the wake, and there is no care. *But it continueth only for a short time, for quickly he reacheth the Narrows, the place from whence he fairly begins to encounter the waves of fortune. Here perchance the wind freshens, and his vessel is knocked about by the waves, these are the adversities and turmoils of life. As he passeth that barren strip of land which fronts upon the ocean, and which is appropriately called "Sandy Hook," he beholdeth the light-houses, these are the beacons which his wise forefathers have there placed to teach him to shun the shoals of folly. Having arrived at the fishing ground, he anchor-eth in a place which he thinks best for obtaining fish. The fish are but the goods and honors of this world. Many there are who upon their starting neglected to get bait, these are those who in the onset of life did not prepare themselves, but who now repent the folly of their youth. Being now safely anchored, he quickly droppeth his line, and waiteth patiently and assayeth to obtain a bite, perhaps he obtaineth a bite, perhaps two, perhaps he obtaineth one fish, perhaps many, and mayhaps he obtaineth neither fish nor bite. Many obtain no bite at first, and become tired and throw down their lines and swear that they will fish no more, others in the same predicament persist, until by long waiting they obtain many. Ofttime a shark taketh hold of the line and jerketh the fisher overboard, as many men undertake an enterprise too large for their comprehension. Sometimes a person hauleth in his line vehemently and with great activity thinking that he hath a fish of great magnitude, but to his amazement he beholdeth a stick upon his hook. A part become sea sick and cannot or will not try, they are the ones who become nauseated with the wickedness of this earth. Some having no bites say that fishing

* The mariner is supposed to start from New York.

is a foolish thing, and that they will get along without it, like men who undertake to "live by their wits." A few being too lazy ask their friends to fish for them. The great multitude, however, fill their baskets with straw, and put fish above it, and protest that they are full of goodly fish. The world is full of men who seem much greater and wealthier than they are. At last when the time of their returning has come, they all return home, some well laden, some but illy, and but few satisfied.

To the student we would say, that if thou wishest to fill thy basket at the fishing ground of life, provide thyself with the line of Perseverance, bought at the shop of Industry, having the hook of Ingenuity, the bait of Virtue, and the lead of Honesty. Then truly a whale will be thine ambition and thy reward.

MAMOTC.

LINES.

A pilgrim stood beside a lonely grave,
Green was the sod, nor slab, nor cenotaph,
Mark'd the repose of the cold sleeper there,
It was a sacred hour, when solitude,
With tender pathos whispered to his soul
Her immortality, while still and sad
He listened to her accents, kind and true.
There are, who base of spirit, sceptical,
And madly bent to daring's utmost verge,
Deny the immaterial element,
And trace the lineaments of thought alone
In perishable and material things.
Was it to vanish at the touch of time,
That deathless spirit, mortal lodgement sought?
What mean the wakings up of intellect,
The aspirations after purer life,
The painful dread of shades annihilate?
'Tis holy nature's teachings to her sons,
That prompts the spirit, to ascend
The cliffs of wild ambition, seeking air,
Earth, fire, unlike our sublunary sort;
Ambition wild, yet true and laudable,
To hold communion with angelic hosts,
And speedier than the lightning's flash,
Pursue her track along the realm of mind.
Philosopher, thy keen and searching eye,

Long scrutinized the shrine, alas, too long,
 But failed to penetrate within, and view
 The hidden spirit, dark, mysterious.
 'Twas thine by bold analysis, to blend
 The true, and false, in strange bewilderment,
 The maze of doubt hung like a pall of night,
 And meteoric flashes cross the gloom,
 Gleam'd but to shroud in deeper mystery.
 Metempsychosis was a pleasing dream,
 And Platonism and Epicurus' creed;
 A dream, the playful sport of error's sleep.
 The old academy, the new, the sage,
 The hero, orator nor poet, knew
 To trace the mystic labyrinth of thought.
 Too deep for human ken, and too obtruse,
 Th' inexplicable problem of the soul.
 Though in her arose enkindling elements,
 The spirit marks her immortality;
 Though reason hints that thought may never die:
 Yet nature gladly points to nature's God,
 Who to the finite vision, holds the glass,
 Revealing lights and shadows infinite.
 'Tis Revelation brings the rays of truth,
 From other worlds to this, and pours the beams
 With noon-tide heat, and radiance on the soul.
 Where now the trembling hope of Socrates,
 Th' oblivious fears of oriental bards?
 Behold the seer inspired at higher mount
 Than Helicon, or Delphi, taught of God,
 To lash the fleeting finite to the wheels
 Of old Eternity, and hurry on
 His coursers, thro' illimitable years.
 We share not solely a diurnal lot,
 To perish, when the pensive twilight comes;
 In the deep calculations of the soul,
 Hours are as years and years as hours, we live
 In ages past, and future centuries,
 To one Eternal Present linking all.
 Strange harmonies and sights mysterious, are
 The startling comrades of th' immortal mind.
 The morning stars that sung creation's birth,
 Chime with the thunders of the judgment day,
 And antiquated chaos hails the night,
 When stars shall fade, and moons grow old and die;
 Life, death, the resurrection, and the grave,
 Like friendly brothers clasp each others hands.
 Such is the soul, her nature infinite,
 Her final destiny, an endless life.
 Like one whose bark is swept o'er unknown seas,
 Dark, measureless, and dread, on all sides round,
 Save lighted by a solitary star;
 Th' immortal spirit steers her lonely course,
 Along these darkling, earthly waters, cheer'd
 And lured by gleamings from a brighter world.

B.

REFLECTIONS.

QUARRELSOME old winter has gone, and glorious spring, hailed queen of the year, dawns brightly upon the land, throwing elasticity into the youths of Nassau, so long enfeebled and bleaching in their cells, from close confinement. With pride and pleasure we see them again resuming their accustomed walks, or reclining under the shades of the broad spreading trees, fanned by the breezes sweet; now feasting on the crowding thoughts of young ambition, or the brown revery of dim anticipative dreams; and now the yawning listlessness of dismal "ennui" of yearning memory and a homesick heart. Farther on, at the spot which poets have in vain attempted to describe, but which we shall denominate the lazy corner, may be seen some carelessly lounging in a toga, others on the splurge, refreshing themselves after the toils of the day and regurgiting the smiles of the maidens as they pass.

Rich volumes of wit and sarcasm, ever and anon, rolling from their classic lips. The old campus too is unfolding her green carpet, the young bud shooting forth and the blushing rose, all is now romantic, enchanting and wild; enough for the eye to feast on, and the mind to meditate and rejoice over. Change is in everlasting progression. All is sunshine, then gloom, then death. One friend leaves and another steps into his place. "Tempus fugit," and we look back with wonder to behold! Another stormy winter gone. A winter of snows and hails and blustering rains. A winter for quiet study and pleasant chat; yes, a winter fraught with many pleasing recollections of friendship; when gathered around the cheerful fires of old North, regardless of the pelting storms without, we used to while away the hours in reciting sweet christmas sprees, reminiscences, wild fox hunts, and the bewitching glances of some fair Dulcinea. Spring has dispersed this jolly crowd. She is constantly sounding into our ears the sad warning that these hearty fellows with whom we spent so many happy days must now depart, perhaps to meet no more. Oh, spring joyous as thou usually art, would to God that I could, for a few short weeks even repel that onward progress, so direful is

the tale thou tellest. Tearing asunder those objects of love so fondly cherished. Seniors think not, though the great Atlantic roll between you and us, though buried in the wild forests of the far west, where no more we may see or hear your voice, you will be forgotten. The short term of our college course will not thus easily sever you from our remembrance. And should your great names, wafted on the winds of fame, reach us in our quiet homes, then will the ardour of youthful affection rekindle in our breasts the recollection of these joyous days. Or should misfortune await you, from us you will have that sympathy, more precious than the most costly jewel. But since the time has come, and part we must, I invoke all the blessings high heaven can bestow, wherewith to strew your future path. May the knotty road to fame grow smoother, and may the difficulties which you will have to contend with, but stimulate you to greater exertion, and when the frost of age comes on, may you be able to look back upon a life wisely spent. And should your heart be tuned to the holy admiration of the fairer sex, seek for some one with whom to unite itself; may she be blessed with the graces three, and all that will harmonize and contribute to your happiness, and train up the youthful brood of *Cadmeans* in the way they should go. Clouds will beset your path, but heed them not.

"Let all the ends thou aimest at, be
Thy God's, thy country's and truth's."

And then whatever your fate, a consciousness of duty performed will award you happiness supreme. Farewell.

Oh, Spring, you bring something else unpleasant. The *monstrous terror*, a *junior final*. There is something consoling in this however when it's over, it will come no more; ha, ha, ha! and we poor juniors having no more sines and wonders, and the arc in which we floated so long, will have landed on *mount Senior*. There to take a proud stand among the intellects of the earth and battle with the arts and sciences. A lordly air will then assume the place of the haggard countenance of the drone hitherto groveling in the rugged rocks of Mathematics. A bright smile even he will venture. And the former junior unable to account for this phenomena, will imagine himself transported

"From Greenland's icy mountains
To India's coral strand, &c.

High beavers and standers will then mount to the stand, where a while since, the dunce's cap might have triumphed. With a sort of patronizing air he will recount to the Fresh the beautiful *prospects* they have in the future, and guard them against sand bars on which many have been wrecked. Speeches will begin to be talked of, big words to flow in wild profusion, and some fair "Haidee" eagerly sought to give polish to the manners, and ease to the blunted soul. It would not be surprising even to see him taken with a bookish fit. Frequenting book stores, spouting poetry

"And really burning the 'midnight taper,'
Raising the price of ink and paper."

Such things have occurred.

"This is the age of oddities let loose,
Where different talents find their different marts."

Be not surprised then, you whom we shall now term the dignified senior, to find that this paradise which you had imagined one glorious sunshine, in which you would bask from morn to "dewy eve;" is checkered with griefs too, sad, melancholy sad. But girding on the breast-plate perseverance, prepare for a battle, for the crown, be firm, it may be won.

If the owl did shriek at our births, or the night crow cried, or the dogs howled, and hideous tempests shook the trees, or all the other omens ill, which ancient fables so direfully relate, is nought to us. Happily those idiotisms have passed away, and we have learned to believe it depends upon the man himself whether his brow shall be "bound with victorious wreaths." The star of hope still burns bright and the temple of fame still shines with allurements as great. Then press on. If it is with difficulty that you overcome your besetting duties, be not disheartened, no man was ever truly great who shrank from them. The most costly jewels are found in the depths of the sea, the sculptor has to hew away the roughest marble to get to the graceful statue, so with your mind, it may be cultivation alone is wanting, to bring to light that talent which will shine as a lone star in the midst of night. Like Sheri-

dan knowing that it is in you, swear that it shall come out. Then when all is finished, and you are laid in quiet repose, on the bosom of mother earth, your spirit still alive, will breathe wholesome counsel to your surviving countrymen. And thou, bright genius, to whom some powerful event alone is wanting to immortalize thyself, think not, that the tooth of slander will be blunted by the trumpet of fame; for as the victor ascends the triumphal car and shouts of applause greet him from every quarter; the bitter tongue of slander is raising a hatred as immortal as the triumph itself. Never has envy ceased to attend the great, and depreciate their real merit. Milton sold that mighty gem, which soaring into mansions of bliss, he seized and returned to an ungrateful world with an undazzled gaze, for the puny sum of five pounds. And poor, unhonored, and comparatively unknown, he was ushered into the cold grave; but now, who could stem that fame which will flow through eternity's dark stream, and brighten with the lapse of time. Who would not wish to recall the mighty spirit that is gone, or linger around the tomb where our fathers have laid him. He and the all-seeing Shakspeare too, wrote not for the applause of an unthinking world, but for immortality. You then who would live when you are dead, speak when your lips are closed by the iron gripe of death, fling away the paltry ambition which enervates the mind and arouse to lofty deeds. Society is, we believe, constantly advancing. A man of moderate attainments now, in the days of our grandfathers would have been considered wonderfully well informed. He who then held the high station of teacher, now would not be ashamed to be taught. Be then equal to the age in which you live.

GREECE.

After careful perusal of History I have been led to the conclusion that the Greek Revolution arose from the two systems of policy pursued by the Turks toward them. The first was as injurious to the retention of that unhappy country as the second.

When they conquered the land renowned for orators, statesmen, and poets; they considered that the overturning of the monuments of the ancestors, and the destruction of colleges and other literary institutions was necessary to the extinction of Republican principles. Nought but death, however, could eradicate from the breast of the true Greek, the remembrance of the deeds of his *fathers*. He needed no magnificent pyramid, nor marble classic statue to recall them to his mind. They were mingled with the principle of his life, and were as lasting as the mind itself. The dying father left them as his only legacy to his children. Still the Turk advanced in his work of destruction. The old men were cut off as useless cumberers of the ground; the young and beauteous maidens were snatched from the protecting arms of their relatives, and hurried to the seraglio, there to minister to the sensuality of the disciple of Mahomet; the young men were made slaves, and must bow before the tyrant. Thousands through this system of oppression fled their native land, and enlisted in the armies of Christian nations, not leaving the memory of their woes behind them, but "nursing their wrath to keep it warm," they waited for a seasonable opportunity to allow it to burst with tenfold fury on the heads of their cruel masters. An exile and a wanderer from his country, the Greek gained three great benefits—he learned the use of arms, he discovered his own strength by measuring it with others, and imbibed republican principles and the hatred of oppression from the inhabitants of the land in which he sojourned. He then returns to his home, hoping for a joyful re-union with his family and friends, but finds them dragged into slavery, or executed for the amusement of the blood-thirsty Turk. He gives a wide circulation to the opinions he had gathered whilst in exile, he tells his companions in misfortune, that the *turbaned soldier* should rather be an object of scorn and derision than of awe and reverence. He calls upon them to make one bold stroke for the restoration of their country to the proud eminence from which she had been precipitated, or die in the attempt. All Greece is now ripe for revolt, but arms and riches are necessary to the attainment of their glorious purpose. Just at this moment the Turk most opportunely changes his policy—he discovers that Greece

oppressed and ground down by cruelty is less advantageous to him than Greece free and liberally governed would be. He gives his patronage and protection to Education and Commerce. Colleges are rebuilt, but instead of answering the design of the patron, they serve only to give a wider circulation to the thought of vengeance. Ships are built. They sail to the different ports of Europe and return laden with wealth and *free principles*. Riches pour into the country, and now the avaricious Turk puts forth his hand to grasp their gains, but finds himself rudely repulsed, and stands inactive through astonishment, as he views those on whose necks he trod but a short time previous, now in arms and open rebellion against his authority. The Turk is not the only one astounded by this state of affairs. The nations of Europe who had delighted to eulogize the poets, painters, orators and sculptors of ancient Greece, now unite to call their sons madmen and hair-brained enthusiasts, and to denominate that nation which was renowned for its deeds of arms, and once the centre of enlightenment—a nation of slaves—of ignorant barbarians. According to them the sons of those brave and illustrious patriots who fought and died at the famous pass of Thermopylæ, were not *worthy* of liberty. Greece stood alone but united. The brave *Suliot*, who had retired unconquered and unconquerable to the fastnesses of his native mountains, now burst like an avalanche from their summits and enlists his fervent patriotism in the glorious cause. History tells the rest, the land of the muse and the birth-place of poets is free.

EDITORS' TABLE.

Our little magazine has at length struggled into existence, and attends alike your censure or applause. There may be a few who will praise it, through prejudice, many who will condemn it, perhaps justly, for want of merit. But there is still another class who will vituperate our Literary, merely because it is such—a faction who are radically opposed to the existence of our monthly budget. They pretend to be above writing for such a petty pamphlet, and exhibit their vast intellect by opposing the current opinion of their associates. If we trace the feelings of this class to their source, we generally find that their sentiments have sprung from a notice of their productions in the *Editors' Table*. Upon such enemies we would not waste a thought, for their reputation will not carry their influence far, but we have of late heard the same opinions advanced by men of sterling acquirements. It is for this reason we couch the editorial pen in defense of our Magazine, and if we fail in defending it we would at least cover the retreat. One argument which our adversaries adduce, is that young men who have read so little, and had so limited an experience in writing, should not presume to publish their half digested compositions. Such being the state of things we would enquire, how are the uninitiated to learn the art of writing? They cry, let them weary out their existence in scribbling, but to accomplish this end, must they thrust their vapourings upon the world? Without this how can they judge concerning the merits of their compositions? Must their friends be tortured with the perusal of them? And if their comrades were willing to endure this mental inquisition, would they give them an unbiassed opinion of their writings? No surely! while with the Monthly their faults are reflected from the Table and a place in its pages is their meed of praise. Anon, falling back from their first assumed position, they may argue that the duties of the institution require sufficient labor in this department, for any one intelligent mind. This is folly! They fail in distinguishing between an obligation and a pastime. The greater part of the required duties of College are met, but seldom, performed; while the aspirant to literary honor, throws his entire ability into his composition. His piece is written at his leisure, composed with ardor, and perfected with enthusiasm. We seldom find that reaching for lofty thoughts which characterizes college essays, or the same struggling for ideas, which, even when attained, their inability to manage, render ridiculous. Would our opponents require us to become Addisons at a leap? Would they direct us to master the comprehensive instrument without a knowledge of the first principles? We do not profess to give to the "republic of letters" one new

idea, or present to an admiring world the perfection of writing—far from it; our Monthly is not published for the community at large, but to afford a retired spot in which rising genius may be cultivated, and who would rear a tender flower on the open heath? Why should the student consume those hours in labor which the foolish fret away, if he is to receive no benefit from that toil? Casting him into the midst of emulation, dare you place a limit to his intellect? Would you gird him in the panoply of war, and command him strike no blow? Would you bid him run the race, and neglect to fix a goal? No truly! if you prohibit his writing, command him not to read, or stay the thinking principle within him. For he who reads and gives us not the result of that culture, makes at best but a lumber-room of his brain. And apart from this—by what priceless currency can we estimate the pleasures of reflection! The joy, the rapture—in the midst of evil and the very dross of sin, to trace the golden vein of thought. And we will venture to say that those reasonings which are not directed to some great end, are but partly borne through, or superficially performed.

But let us return from the ideal to the real. We are not endeavoring to establish the fact that the Literary can transform a blunderer to a Goldsmith, it can but afford an opportunity to the aspiring, or stir a generous emulation in the mind.

While these inducements appear not to move the greatest minds of our institution, it seems to be a fixed principle, that the more inexperienced writers are ever the most forward to transmit their essays, and we applaud their generosity.

As for our single self, the kindness of friends has not permitted one frown to darken the tranquil majesty of the Editorial brow, but we cannot infer general truths from isolated facts. It is the principle and not an individual instance we would compass.

Modest writers who do not realize the summit of their expectations, never try again. This is wrong. It should serve to stimulate them to better deeds. If the province of criticism is to hush the pure teachings of genius, it would have deflowered our literature of all that is beautiful, noble, or sublime—for who has been free from its scourge. There are others who require to be begged for their productions. This is the height of vanity. Were all our writers to pursue the same course, they would dress their Editor in the livery of a lackey, to follow their wanderings, or confer on him the office of a show keeper, that he may stir the lion to a growl for the amusement of those who have complied with the requisite terms of admission. Though we have received a few productions of undoubted merit through the Post Office, the majority of them seem to be but an experiment on the good sense of the august creature whom you have selected to serve up the banquet. This is not as it ought to be; we should not be obliged to tax our friends for every line of matter that adorns our periodical. Neither can the Editor fill the Monthly

with effusions from his own pen, he is entirely dependent on you for the complexion of his pages, and if there ever was a tub that did not stand on its own bottom, it is the tub editorial.

We may well suppose that these admonitions will fall on the ears of many like the symphonious windings of the morning horn, rousing them for a while from their slumber, but to fall into a more sound repose. However, this may be, if the foregoing reflections serve to awaken the thoughts of an essay in the bosom of a single individual or cause one goose to mourn over the loss of one quill, surreptitiously captured for the sake of the Nassau Literary, its mission will be fulfilled, and the most sanguine expectations of your modest Editor more than realized.

But dismissing such reflections, let us turn to the crumbs that lie on the Editor's Table. The first morsel that presents itself is an attempt at something far below poetry, and but distantly related to rhyme, by L. E. R., entitled the "Infant Essayist." We subjoin the first verse, deeming that our patrons will be satisfied with a sample.

"Spry Bob, he bought him a glittering pen,
For your Magazine to write—a,
With more paper and ink, than would fill the great sink,
That was dug near Arsinoë's site—a."

Mr. L. E. R. does not seem fit to acquaint his readers with the fact that he is indebted to one Sir John Suckling, for the peculiarity of his measure. If the highest flights of his genius are bounded by imitation, his muse must be an ape. If he can not attain to a more elevated style of poetry, he must never look for a place in our pages.

Next in order of reception comes "The Junior," containing two or three shallow ideas spread like an apothecaries plaster over a vast surface. If the essay under consideration was intended for wit, it is very stupid, and if for satire it is stingless. Now it may have been written with neither of these ends in view, and still possess merit; but if it be worth anything, our taste is not sufficiently refined to comprehend its beauties. From the style of this attempt we should judge it to be the work of a young writer, and if so, we think the loftiness of his subject has been his chiefest sin. Try a simpler theme—give us "more matter with less art" and perhaps you may succeed.

After this fatherly advice we would introduce you to "A looker On in Venice," who has been looked on in Princeton, and found to be no great shakes. The liberties he has taken with style and good sense in general, almost struck Dame Criticism dumb. He makes desperate invasions on the rights of "College Tatlers," dignifying his essay with the appellation of "College Portrait No. 1."

Dear Looker on, the next time you may wish to give your "vocabulary an airing" select some other place than the Editors box. Your "Portrait" is not worth framing, so we will pass on to "The Mutability of Milk"—which seems to be a poor attempt to ridicule the Pythagorean tenets. The grandilo-

quent style and stately diction comport so indifferently with the trifling ideas, that it reminds one of shooting at sparrows with a cannon—nearly every other sentence is a rhetorical somerset.

We will permit the next contributor to speak for himself.

Mr. Editor:—Having noticed in the editor's table of the "Nassau Literary" for the month of April an attempt at poetry, purporting to be a description of the poets of Princeton, and as the *gentleman* has not finished his poem, I beg leave to insert the remaining portion as an answer to the second part concerning "Rienzi." I wish to have it placed in the Editors' Table. By inserting the subjoined lines you will favour

Yours, &c., RIENZI.

"But third and last, forever least,
There comes a man himself the "beast,"
Who strives to make for himself a name,
By robbing others of their fame;
A man who nothing else can do,
So takes to rhyming, and review.
'Tis true, although 'tis passing sad,
To tell of this upstart lad,
He speaks *his* lies as if others said,
And shows the hollow of his head;
The lie it proves stuck in his throat.
For he for *written* scribbled "*wrote*"
Methinks he should return to school,
And taste meanwhile the *birchen* rule,
And learn his grammar, measure too,
Before he should again renew
The critic's lash. A man so nice,
Who has less judgment than caprice,
And knowing this I'll yield to him,
And laugh at every vicious whim,
That flows from such a *hollow* reed,
Whose brains are naught but *pumkin* seed,
Oh! the insult to god's above!
That such a man should mention love,
Whose every thought to fame is bound,
While Vice herself sits o'er him crown'd.
I cannot help but to admire
The pride of him, who does aspire
So high as to attack a *pup*;
No doubt he walks with prouder step,
And sees ahead in his view,
The god's bestowing their balmy dew,
And binding round his temples fair,
The laurels he deserves to wear,
But if the Muse should fail to bind
Her wreath around that *melon* rind;
Then come to me, thou *abject* brat!
And take the *rim* of my old hat."

The Poet advises the gentleman he so terribly lacerates, to study rhythm,

if we are not mistaken, Rienzi's yard-stick slipped when he was measuring off the third line of his satire.

Subsequent communications came into our possession after the present number was completed, consequently we withhold our opinion relative to their merits.

It is with pleasure we acknowledge the receipt of the second number of *The University Magazine*—a periodical with like views and similar aspirations to our own. Should their coming numbers be equal to the one we have had the pleasure of perusing, we do not doubt but their efforts will be crowned with success. We cordially extend to them the hand of literary friendship, and assure them, that so far as we are concerned, it shall be uninterrupted and of long continuance.

We have also received a copy of *The Evening Gazette*, a newspaper adorned with all that can dignify a periodical of the kind. Even if we were disposed to compliment the Editor, the fact that it is a Boston paper, liberally patronized by the inhabitants of that metropolis, is a panegyric which silences adulation.

Before closing, we would venture the suggestion, that our disappointed contributors will not vent their spleen on the anointed head of the Editor. If they possess one spark of genius, such slight censure will not smother it; for though the lowliest insect can exclude the sunlight from a tiny spot, creation cannot veil the glory of the King of day. May this detraction from their fame advance them to higher deeds—

“As beards, the nearer that they tend
To th' earth, still grow more reverend;
And cannons shoot to higher pitches,
The lower we let down their breeches.”


We would wish to commune with you longer, but the sterner duties of the world, call us from the pleasant labours of the pen. Removing our study-cap we make the Editorial bow, and bidding you all a long farewell, resign the chair to our more worthy successor.

EDITOR.

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